

# Broken People 6<sup>© Xen.</sup> Or Heroes and demons

**With a little history tossed in unlike what you got from  
the constipated milquetoasts in high school and college.**

**Disclaimer: Folks this one is heavy reading.**

**Reading time:  
how fast can your lips and finger move?**

Grab your goodies here we go. I believe in heroes and have many of them. I grew up with these people. Below is the list of them in no particular order; they are all equal except the first 3. These are not broken people. They made a large influence on my life. It is how they managed among Broken People that is my point. Remember what I wrote in another post? Study and copy successful people's most unique gifts and soon you too will shine but only in your unique way. All knowledge is passed on....

**monkey see + monkey copy = successful monkey.**

Hero List.

My Grandparents on mom's side. I am protective of them for they are not public people.

My parents. Greatest parents of all. My lack of understanding prevented me from realizing that until after their deaths. I am protective of them for they are not public people.

Prof. S. Roberts the greatest teacher of all. I am very protective of her. She is not a public person.

The Hero Gang; no order they are all great.

Richard Pryor  
Rosa Parks  
James Brown  
Oskar Shindler  
Dr. Victor Frankl  
Ayn Rand  
Mr. & Mrs. Rosenberg, Julius, and Ethel  
Albert Einstein  
Prof. Stephen Hawkins  
Donald Trump  
Ronald Reagan  
Katherine Hepburn

Winston Churchill  
 Mother Theresa.  
 Molly Ivans  
 Gandhi  
 Dr. Gabor Mate'  
 Dr. Jordan Peterson  
 Professor Mike Adams  
 Dr. C. G. Jung

## **Heroes are not made they are heaven sent and born into greatness.**

My grandparents. They were dirt-poor farmers, tough as sinew with hearts of pure gold spun on heaven's lathe. They lived and underwent some very hard times in this country. Aside from my parents they were the only happy people when I arrived into this shit hole. They were salt of the earth type and knew how to plant seeds in a young child's mind that would grow into a fruiting crop neither would ever see. Words fail me to describe them with justice....heaven sent from on high....understates them. RIP

My parents. Again, I am at a loss to describe these two remarkable, enigmatic people. Sadly, because of my lack of awareness, I did not understand them as I do now until after their deaths. That was totally a failing on my part. Youth is wasted on the young. They were hard people who grew up in and experienced very hard times in this country. They prepared me for a cold, hard, sometimes very cruel life that I faced and survived. Their strength got me through some real bitch of times dealing with FUBAR Broken People and situations. I love them both very much, RIP.

I wrote about Prof-Roberts in an earlier post so this is brief. She was like my grandmother, the woman understood teaching and how to get through to any student **that wanted to learn.** She planted seeds in me that still sprout, grow, and thrive. She was hard on any student that did not want to learn and dared to waste space in her classroom. There was a student waiting list to get into her classes. She demanded from Bursar small classes notwithstanding the school's greed maximizing profits in overfilling them. She taught people as her prime objective not filling school coffers. A student loafing in her classes denied another that wanted to learn. She was cruel as hell to this type of student unfortunate enough to choose her class as a hideout wasting time loafing another semester because mommy and daddy paid for it. They washed out quickly. She could spot one in a second. The woman was amazing....we need more like her. Kids would benefit and finally learn....Mrs. Roberts, I love you where ever that may be...The movie Educating Rita, I was Rita and she Michael Cain. Watch it and you will understand. The best movie ever of that genre, and it is on IA find and watch it.

Richard Pryor

Mr. Prior did more to reverse racial bias in America than all the rest combined. One man using his comedy and tortured life as example. In sum, he gave people two choices, be losers or winners and used his troubled life as example to back up his message; he walked the walk and talked the talk together. Mr. Pryor faced and walked a tough road doing that. Hollywood pushed his lifestyle of drugs, money and the high life as means to a stony end for young people. Ie. When he almost died from a mix of drugs and alcohol, mass media told the public that he had an accident while drinking alcohol and freebasing crack. Reason, using him to promote that lifestyle and drugs to young people who idolized the fantasy not the real man. The true reason he almost died was from a suicide attempt

when his life unraveled during his **Time of Ashes**. Divorce, too much drug, and alcohol abuse, bad company, trappings of fame, wealth, etc. Then the rug pulled out from under him when **Mother Prior died**. She was his only anchor to sanity and that went with her. He lost it. BTW, that is the same reason Elvis declined and bought the farm after his mother died. He could not overcome that in his war within. Same for Prior.

As an aside, Prior's daughter wrote a book titled *The Jokes That My Father Never Told Me*. The only value in this book is that you will learn key things about his personal life not available anywhere else. The key tidbits explain missing parts elsewhere in his troubled life. **They are extremely important!** Find and read it if this man interests you at all. After his suicide attempt, Mr. Prior underwent months of painful skin graphs, detox, then went to prison. Authorities locked him up as self-protection from his dark self and his demons, while Richard continued to fight the war within him in safekeeping.

**Again, important! Prison was not a penalty it saved his life.** Every con in the place knew what he underwent. Why do you think those guys are in there? Society's answer to a massive, misunderstood, human problem is to punish and lock people away. Ever hear of empathy, mercy, understanding, and kindness? Same for James Brown addressed later. Prison helped to save these men from the demons of self as last stop to the morgue! Why is it American women have every imaginable means of help out there? Guys have military, prison, AA, rehab, YMCA and the fucking morgue! Fine American, christian virtues my ass! USA is a sick fuck misandrist matriarchy aka 'Matri-X' Dr. Gabor addresses this at length in his book *Realm of Hungry Ghosts*. Dr. Mate stepped on many toes exploiting the people mentioned in his book that are behind this. Not even Satan is this sick a fuck; we are good friends and even Lucifer shakes his head at human, untamed, dark side, depravity. Buy and read his book. It is an eye-opener!!!

**Moreover, let me tell you a little about that. WHEN ONE FIGHTS DEMONS IN SELF, S/HE SEES NOTHING ELSE IN LIFE BUT HIS OR HER PERSONAL DEMONS. NOT A FAMILY, KIDS, NOT EVEN SELF, ONLY DEMONS. THESE PERSONAL MONSTERS CONSUME THE PERSON. THE TIME OF ASHES IS THE LOWEST LEVELS OF HELL INTO WHICH A HUMAN CAN DESCEND. EVER WATCH AN ADDICT GO THROUGH COLD TURKEY. THAT IS HELL! THOSE ARE DEMONS. TERRIFYING UNDERSTATES THAT EXPERIENCE AND I ONLY WATCHED THIS ADDICT GO THROUGH IT HOLDING HER HAND WHILE SCREAMING WITH HER PAIN. IT TAKES A LOT OF SUFFERING AND DYING TO KILL A PERSON. THE ADDICT BEGS TO DIE BUT CANNOT. THAT IS THE LOWEST, MOST HELPLESS, PLACE IN HELL!! THIS SUICIDE MISSION IN FACING SELF CLAIMS MANY CASUALTIES. MANY DIE, MANY GO MAD AND NEVER RETURN; HOWEVER, MANY DO OVERCOME TO RETURN AND HELP OTHERS, AND THEY ARE UP AGAINST A WALL IN DOING THAT. THOSE ARE THE HEROES.**

Plato an ancient Greek Philosopher wrote *Allegory of the Cave* describing this almost 5000 years ago. The story still exists nested in or around the 10<sup>th</sup> chapter of his *The Republic*. Miracle of Internet is that you do not have to wade through that. The Allegory is out there stand-alone. While at it read *The Myth of Er*, also Plato's work. Those ancient Greeks were astounding in their wisdom.

Prior lived through his suicide attempt & came out scarred but better off. Then made live appearances across America. He openly told the truth about his suicide attempt and why – that took balls the size of Nebraska in sending his message! On Richard's first post recovery stage appearance

Mr. Pryor came on stage to a packed house. His words were, [I am touched that you are here after all the shit I been in.'] He got a very long standing ovation. **His admirers said to him - our fallen god, Icarus who flew too high and close to the sun on wings of wax and feathers we accept and love you as one of us.** As a fragile man not a Hollywood myth. Mr. Pryor until his health failed him in final days before his death sent his message to all youth. **You have two choices be a loser or winner.** I have been both and lay my life before you naked, bare, nothing hidden so that you can choose your direction and consequences. He blew racism away for the idiocy that it is, was and will always be. Richard paid his dues in hard currencies of pain, blood, suffering, deepest darkness and tears to earn his place of fame as my hero. **Hollywood demons lost, Richard Pryor won.** In doing so countless youth who idolized this fallen god turned around their lives for better abandoning drugs, crime, addiction, racism and worse for a brighter future. We need more role models like that for our kids and youth. Socialists have fucked them up with that shit coming out of mass media and its whores.

Rosa Parks.

Throughout much of 20<sup>th</sup> century America, Racism was rampant and remains so. Notably now in places like BLM terrorist groups and the VA. In the South it was most brutal to subjugated blacks ruled by Socialist forces of KKK, Religion and similar 'American terrorist organizations' though they are not officially named that. Racial segregation was law of the land...lynching & lynch mobs, cross burnings and worse terrorizing colored people to keep them in line. Blacks were cowed into submission until a single woman said, 'Not today I will not go to the back of the bus.' Her name was **Ms. Rosa Parks.** The rule in city of Mobile Alabama was when a white person boarded a city bus if it was full, blacks moved to the back giving up their front seats to whites. Both paid same fare. Back of the bus was noisy, dirty, fummy, and a rough ride. All shit of the ride landed back there in the bus's cesspool. I guess Rosa had a bad day and was in no mood for bullying. Been there done that. When a white person told Rosa to relinquish her seat, she said, 'no.' Then stood her ground. In sum she was arrested, taken to jail, beaten, brutalized, taken to court, fined then let go. **All because the woman's skin was black.** When Mobile black communities heard about it that triggered what happened next. **They got the guts to stand up to Socialist racial bullying.** Cohesively Mobile's black nations boycotted the city buses for their due process to be heard. **That damaged city revenues where it hurt the most.** Blacks realized they had power of numbers and financial clout!! In the end Rosa's actions overturned bad laws, written and enforced by bad people. One woman who had the guts sparked a long overdue revolt that changed America for all black folks. She literally took a beating for it, yet her battle cry of, "NOT TODAY! I AM NOT MOVING TO BACK OF THE BUS...!" Still gives me strength when facing similar bullying. I am sure it does the same for people elsewhere as well. Rosa Parks is one tough lady. I salute you as a superior officer.

James Brown,

The godfather of soul and hardest working singer ever to change the world. James Brown is much like Mr. Pryor. He sent a message with his life to young and old alike. You have two choices go the way of a winner or loser make it wisely. James was sent to prison when his life got out of control to protect him from self during the war within that everyone faces during the Time of Ashes or Dark Night of the Soul. He turned around and spent the rest of his life sending the message that if I can do it, so can you young people.

Mr. Brown performed a song, his masterpiece in my opinion named '**It's A Man's World.**' *The string section is breath taking. In those words he biblically, poetically describes this world from both sexes perspective. Ladies, if not for men you would not exist any more than would men without you. This is a holistic duality here and both male and female balance that paradigm. He also describes how man idolizes a woman and the importance she is to his life as a mind, body, and soul*

*spirit. Not just as another procreational creature of this planet. James Brown's words are almost holy in a sense. Ladies you have been very naughty, immature, and irresponsible in your mistreatment of men, and willfully blind to his importance to your holistic being of mind, body and soul, as a soul. Same as he. Ever think that is why your soul screams out in loneliness, pain, and sorrow? Perhaps that is the emptiness the size of Okalahoma within your soul? Let me give you more spare change to count. Your job here is to make and raise healthy, well-adjusted babies. All else is superficial drama killing time until it kills you. Those babies replenish this planet after you carry on. Should the world's women stop producing babies the homo sapiens race will be extinct before the next 125 years ends. Do you see how important is your role? Now, it takes two to tango, fight, and fuck...and two to successfully raise a healthy, hale and whole baby into adulthood. Now can you see how the paradigm evolves..... **Who is anyone here to question the enigmatic wisdom of millions of years of evolution that came up with this plan?** Let alone some piss ant human that is only a tiny speck of it when looking at it up close through a looking glass. James Brown sent us a message.....another man that changed the world and few heard his message. My hero in a Man's world.*

**~REALIZE SOMETHING HERE PEOPLE IN THESE WORDS~  
 YOU HAVE POWER OF CHOICE. WITH THAT COMES CONSEQUENCES. WHEN YOU  
 LET OTHERS CHOOSE FOR YOU THOSE CONSEQUENCES STILL BELONG TO YOU.  
 NO COP OUTS. DOING NOTHING STILL HAS CONSEQUENCES. IT IS A CHOICE.  
 THAT IS MAINLY FOR AMERICAN WOMEN WHO SAT ON FENCE WHEN FEMINISM  
 WAS MAKING CHOICES THAT NOW NEGATIVELY AFFECT HER LIFE. CAN YOU SEE  
 THE COMING MILITARY DRAFT AND YOUR ASS PARKED UNDER A PISS POT  
 HOLDING A GUN IN LIVING HELL? DEAR BABY LOVE, YOU STILL OWN IT. WALL  
 FLOWERS ON THE BENCH STILL OWN THAT AS A CHOICE. GROW UP IT HELPS.**

Oskar Shindler.

Words cannot do him justice but I will give this hero my best try. One man saved countless Jews from horrors of the Nazi death camps by employing them in his munitions factory. He constantly battled Nazis that wanted to kill his Jewish factory hands and replace them with German labor instead. Oskar wined, dined and bribed officials to get the bureaucrats off his ass and fought hard to keep what is known as Shindler's Jews at that factory. Oskar took quite a tarring during and after WW2 as a womanizer and such, which is pure cobble. WAR turns people into animals & monsters. Women would offered him sex to save their families. What the hell else was she going to do with it? Currency is currency and in War even human life is that. I don't want to hear self-righteous, pious, asshole CUNTS\* about this whom the closest they ever got to a War theater was on TV or a bullshit war story. **In such situations, one does what it takes to survive.** Ladies you been trading pussy to get your way since the garden. All of you are mercenary whores the only question is price and degree of what you will and will not do. In survival all is fair in love and war. Can the pious bullshit. That man took a risk of his life to die in the worst possible way if the Nazi's had found out what he was doing. There are fates worse than a speedy death in this world, I know that very well, and that went on in those Nazi camps. Don't even look at me about this - talk to the tailpipe, bitches. Oskar was scared I can tell ya, very scared...there is a fine line between courage and cowardice. Until it is your fat asses riding on that line don't look at me. Pussy has no comparison to what he paid in risk alone to save those people's lives and the generations that now live that otherwise would never have been born

if he had failed. People criticizing Oskar do not have the integrity to look at the man or shovel guts to a starving bear. When you experience what he did in his skin and life we can talk....otherwise put a sock in it. This man saved lives from a fate worse than death in those camps. He probably shit marbles ever time he heard an SS whistle, siren or when they passed by or visited his factory. Thinking do they know and are here for me this time.... **I have been through that kind of fear. I kept a revolver with me everywhere reserving that last bullet for me.** I guarantee so did Oskar. Any shit for brains that cannot see that terror is FUBAR. He did more than most people do in 1000 lifetimes in moving mountains to save the lives of his Shindler's Jews during the darkest ages of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Remarkable man, truly remarkable....and a hands down hero. RIP Mr. Shindler. You are a rare masterpiece without equal.

### Viktor Frankl

Viktor was a Jewish doctor sent to Nazi concentration camps during WW2. He underwent some of the worst, inhumane, brutality imaginable and lived to write about his experiences. He wrote the book *Man's Search for Meaning* not as a whining victim, or in judgment but from a higher level of **understanding** the basic human condition and frailty in all of us. Ie. He contrasted how one inmate became empathetic, caring and kind under horrible duress sacrificing his precious bread and blanket to another more needy prisoner while others resorted to animalism in taking not only their food but blanket and all else. He contrasted that same humanity in the guards, too. Some risked their lives being kind and humane to prisoners as prisoners too, while others were brutal, inhumane, and worse. In sum what I got out of it is the differences lie between one person who has tamed his inner darkness and one who has let his go wild into an untamed monster. Perhaps, that is the meaning of the good/bad paradigm one hears so much about in abstract. His book is really a self-knowing kind of thing...unique to each reader's interpretation. He lead a charmed life in those death camps...I am want for a better term to describe that. Ie. When Nazi Germany fell as the Russians approached these camps. Note it was not Americans who first did this but the Russian Armies. Their people were in those camps too, not Americans. German trucks pulled up to the camp where Viktor was captive. Nazis told them the standard lies of hot meals, bath, comfort in the Promised Land should the prisoners only cooperate and quickly get into the convoy that would take them there. The Nazis were in a hurry for a good reason I will address in a moment.

Now a desperate person does not ask questions as a drowning man grabs a straw on the final time down. Also remember, countless millions of Jews with bags in hand, peaceably, voluntarily, boarded trains transporting them to the death camps, cooperatively off boarded, filed into processing areas, surrendered their worldly possessions, disrobed and like sheep to the killing floors of a slaughter house peaceably walked into the gas chamber 'showers.' The first and last sense that something was amiss is when a Nazi closed the gas chamber doors before **Zyklon 'B'** cyanide gas ended their lives. Far worse was when camps ran out of that poison and used motor exhaust from tanks or motor vehicles to murder the prisoners, which is a long and torturous dying and death. **It takes a lot of suffering and dying to kill a person.**

**Barbers cutting off prisoner's hair especially to scared young girls would whisper, 'Breathe deeply it will go better for you [you will die sooner].'**



## **Yo, American women still think you got it bad?**

In the final Nazi camp that Viktor was in, the same guiding voice that saved him so many times before in situations like this again said, ‘do not board those trucks’ He did not; and remained with the overflow left behind that would not fit in the convoy. Again the Germans were in a hurry. Standard Nazi protocol was to shoot what was left. Again, Viktor missed buying the farm. After the German convoy hurriedly left, the Russian Army arrived at that camp only moments later. They gave the prisoners all they had. Some were so far gone they could not eat and died with food on their lips. The Russians gave them all the comfort one can in such situations. Then battle hardened troops carefully, humanely, loaded the freed prisoners into their trucks traveling into Germany visiting each camp searching for survivors. Odd how Americans were misled to think that we were first and heroes. Nope, it was Russia! US got sloppy seconds, and unearned credit again. As the Russian Army passed the grisly remains of all those prisoners that left on the first German convoy, their Promised Land ended as being locked in a wooden barracks at the next Death camp burned to the ground. All that remained were charred bodies. No survivors. Viktor escaped that only by following his gut instincts or the guides as I call them. These are higher-level ‘senses’ not animal drives. Animal drives are for sex, food & comfort. **The higher senses of spirit or mind and soul saved Viktor multiple times.** The Nazis knew what they did was wrong. Everyone knows what is right and wrong as OEM – ‘original equipment as manufactured.’ They were covering up their atrocities and knew it. Viktor’s fate was to live through an inhumane hell, decipher it in a non-sequitur existence, and give it his meaning so that we can choose not to undergo such experiences. **Our Hero Dr. Frankl underwent all of those horrors to tell us this, LISTEN UP!**

**[“ Nazi death camps showed the world what humans are capable of doing to their kind. Nagasaki and Hiroshima show the world what is at stake.”]**

I will say this, if you special buttercup Americans knew what your fucked up government was really doing none would sleep or shit for a month...maybe never again. If just one of those things gets loose, kiss all of this goodbye, even ‘Waste Book;’ back to about 1 million years BC – estimated. That is how long it will take Earth’s surface evolution to return to the human era, if it recovers at all. This rock could literally become just like Mars or the Moon. Nobody knows for sure and that is one theory even those nut bag scientists and I do not want to test out.

Humans are already FUBAR destroying the earth and selves at a frantic pace. Stoners Mother Earth and Lady Evolution are working madly to save us from selves. Don’t know what they see in this parasitic race...If in the pilots seat I would have hit weapons launch and dusted Homo Sapiens a long time ago and sent god a supply request to cook up a better replacement. Lay off the Jamaican Red this time, dude.

Crude Oil is an Earth waste product. Like the stuff that drops out of those holes at the bottom of every human, colostomy bags included. That stuff is poisonous and deadly to ALL life, which is all ‘be-666,’ carbon-based life that inhabits earth. That is our ass I am talking about. The earth traps that shit away from life and stores it miles down underground to protect its fragile eco system and keep

stupid humans from finding and pumping it into their fast fading once healthy environment! Then the fools use it in everything including food, drinks, medicines, nearly everything repointing selves and earth. HOW FUCKING SMART IS THAT? In addition, these dolts go to WAR over who can possess the most of it! I don't need to dust off this inferior race it is self destructing! Hell, even the North American Indians knew better than mess with that shit when pools of it surfaced here and there. Yet, the idiot, moron, immigrants that destroyed that wisdom and those tribes during insane colonization fell in love with it and actively pumped oil from the deepest asshole locations of the earth after she went to so much trouble hiding it from you monkeys.

**God, give these monkeys's something else to do than oil. They are killing selves and the planet's evolution. Declare a perpetual jack off day at gun point to keep their hands busy.**

Intelligent life in space, YES! It is smart enough to avoid this earthbound asylum with humanity-insanity running this Crackerbox Palace!! There is intelligent life that is not of this earth. Why? Because it does not exist on Earth anymore. These nut bags destroyed it via genocides and toxins....

As another off track, aside.

**Ladies, I have a secret for you.**

Ever notice that, that gets 'em every time: 'secret and sale' as bait in a 'CUNT\* Trap' nabs them every time. Like peanut butter in a mouse or rattrap they cannot resist the lure.

\*CUNT is acronym for people that Cannot Understand Normal Thinking. Feminazis calm down it is not about you narcissists.

My US Government anti-disclosure agreements recently expired so that now I can spill the 'secret' beans. Ladies you are not the only ones with confusion about those three holes located on the bottom of every normal woman. Guys have trouble just keeping up with two of them, and one is located where he can plainly see it; however the one out of 'line-of-sight' gives him the most trouble like you. Are you smiling ladies? You finally got one over on men fair and square.

Anyway, assholes are made for shitting...one-way street only. The only exception to going the other way with anything is when one greets an uncooperative asshole set on the dreaded 'C' word: constipation. That is when a suppository shoved up the ass is appropriate to discourage asshole from continuing to act a fool but the point stops there. As alternate there is the dreaded 'E' word, enema...the only advantage to that over suppositories is that it the 'E' word gives ones asshole a sense of accomplishment.

Now, some guys are so confused about that out of 'line-of-sight' second hole that they give the term 'shove it up your ass' a completely new, literal, meaning. There is this term called 'Felching.' Men literally shove live animals up his ass and do this to each other, too! I swear it is true. When I



first heard about this my exact words were, “They do Wha...!” I was literally confused and speechless for months. Their specific, favorite, fuzzy, live animal is a hamster. Yes, men shove live hamsters up his, and each others asses, too! They must be tripping on PCP, which does not mean ‘VA primary care physician,’ though that is also about their speed - FUBAR. Can you imagine a hamster’s terror being shoved into some guy’s asshole? Did these twerps give the guy Hamster Valium first?

**‘Let my hamsters go,’ cries Charlton Heston!**

**Go figure!**

The term **“Tunnel of love”** does not have shit on this one, which is another thing some guys....note: that **I am heavy on SOME GUYS - not all of us are that confused, ladies**. Some guys also shove their dicks up each other’s Asses, too, and then claim they have fun and like it? Now they also give each other blowjobs playing a game called ‘the daisy chain.’ While I am not game for any of that I can understand blowjobs. A woman once told me a woman’s best kept secret is that, “blow jobs are delicious...” Now, I have peered into a woman’s psyche a couple of times, and I get spooked at the front door. She has some ‘original, demented shit’ hiding in her dark places of mind. Bitch-shit pales to what is hiding in there. Compared to her, I have led a sheltered life. No wonder she and Lucifer get along so well...his ideas can be out of this world, too. In other words he is one sick fuck like she. These confused men need to return to grade school health class and relearn if they ever learned it in the first place what nature had in mind as the asshole’s sole job and function, which is to shit.

Someone call the ‘asshole unions’ to report this Company – Union violation; while you are at it call the ‘Hamster Unions’ and report hamster abuse, as well. WHERE THE FUCK IS THE ASPCA AND PETA? Don’t they represent this kind of animal abuse, too? Broken People! Form another, tax exempt, slacktivist group and stage an ‘asshole & hamster-in” protesting this form of ‘asshole & hamster’ abuse. Protest like those misguided religious, abortion, terrorists that now burn down and blow up abortion clinics, and cripple & kill abortion clinic employees and unwed mothers and the unborn babies that they claim to represent. **That is violence & terrorism and I do not agree with any of it at all.**

Instead stage a peaceful, non-violent protest like **Gandhi** practiced. He died for his sanity, BTW when a violent nut job, religious, abortion protester perchance, murdered him. RIP, Gandhi we will miss your example. He is another hero on the list BTW. Bugs Bunny would’ve loved him – live and let live type. Anyway, give the American crybabies something to do screaming SAVE THE ASSHOLES, HAMSTERS AND DICKS FROM ABUSE instead of tormenting people like **Prof Mike Adams, Dr. Jordan Peterson and Dr. Gabor Mate** also on the hero list who had the guts to speak out truthfully about matters that sorely needed that!

Most people hide from truth mistreating it as the proverbial elephant in a room avoiding truth even after it shits all over them. **C. G. Jung said, [people will do the most absurd things to avoid facing selves as a soul.]** Perhaps that is what Felching is all about...getting in touch with a primeval self.

Hey, Felchers leave the live animals alone. Go buy a stuffed one, use that. **Stop harming life. It is sacred just ask Gandhi. RIP.**

### **Another aside and pet peeve of mine.**

For you lounge lizards and bar flies wake up especially for the rich guys like John Wayne Bobbit & Cullen Davis. You are encouraging the mercenary whores too much, as if those feminazis need more of that? Cullen is ancient history. See Wikipedia for more about that as the **stomach turns sicker** drama of the 1970's – 1980's that made Bill & Hillary Clinton look like pikers. Look under religious nut bags Bill and Tammy Baker – mascara queen & – Falwell era. Rumor has it the VA used them as cover for its covert ops murdering US Vets until finding mass murderer nurse Mays. Bobbit married a mercenary whore with both eyes rolling around in the same socket...on a good day; same for Cullen. Where they dug her up I've no idea. Ya think that the Deep Dark Net was part of MK-Ultra and he found these women in the Deep Dark Net pound? She caught a case of feminism like a dog catches rabies. Similar to Cullen and Pricilla Davis back in late 70's - 80's it was a real **as the stomach turns ugly** melodrama involving blood and sharp objects. It also proves that rich people are not too smart...they are stupid empty-headed Broken People with too much cash in their hands. Pity the poor rich people...god were you 'toking Jamaican Red' on resources allotment day? Why is it flakes get all the goodies while capable, well-adjusted people get the shaft? \*\*Like in military, the flakes walk away clean to spend his life in a VA clinic getting 100% disability, which means lots of money and free everything. Whining in a quack-fucked up-MHC-clinic about survivor's guilt and misfiring when jacking off to mommy; while, my guys are blowing off their FUCKING heads in suicide; from, not getting the needed care to heal after America ran them through a WAR meat grinder multiple times before tossing what remained back into a hot charcoal grill aka general population. Then said in parting be normal again. Go Figure.

That is a very large pet peeve of mine and primarily why I am at war with VA. Hey, Yo, the rest of you veterans excluding Aunt and Uncle Tim and Toms, our guys and gals could use some real help in this. There is not enough real veteran's advocates looking out for these guys and gals. Get involved.

**Suicide is not cowardly; cowardly is when a country, its people, and their institutions FAIL so faultily and they abuse someone so badly s/he chooses to end their life to stop the pain - that is cowardly. Suicide is not easy or painless, and least of all NOT COWARDLY! It takes a lot of suffering & dying to kill a man. This is not Hollywood cinema or make believe; it is real life 101 cut to a TRAGIC ending at the morgue and graveyard.**

**SERIOUSLY, as I said, veteran suicide is a very large pet peeve of mine and why I am at war with VA. SENSELESSLY, I LOST TOO MANY GOOD MEN TO IT fighting the war within selves, alone - without help from this goddamned nation that broke them.**

**\*\*foot note:** VA awards but very few 100% disabilities and too many of those go to the few game players who can fuck over the system, which means people needing help needlessly suffer and die who are not getting it from those misappropriated resources.

Anyway, Bobbet's nutcase wife cut off his dick, got into her Roles Royce, drove to an undisclosed location, and tossed his prick out the car window. When she got home her alter ego, as in multiple personality...and like cockroaches rarely is there only one...whipped a guilt trip on her to call the cops, admit her crime and thereabouts of his dying Willie. Fuck Bobbit he can bleed to death for all I care, but penis abuse is different...like hamster abuse we are talking about a defenseless, dying, animal here. Red Alert all cops listen up, out of the donut shops let's go find Bobbit's dick. Every cop in a ten state area went to the lost penis crime scene just to see if this was a left wing joke. They go through some real bad shit, amusement takes the edge off that; support the police they are our people, America. Nope it was real find Bobbit's dick. Can you hear the cops saying, 'Dicks! I am out in the middle of the fucking night on an all points search for a fucking Willie named Bobbit's cock? Not a Bandito's gang holding 12 virgins for hostage, but a dick? Fuck you, I quit. I can get this shit working for VA and it has better benefits with less work...none of those yanks do anything more than breathe for a paycheck. I quit.' **That is police abuse by the way**; while you slacktivists are screaming stop hamster, asshole and dick abuse, help out the cops by atoning for your uselessness by raising public awareness against cop abuse. Seriously, cops do a bang up job for us in Texas, as everywhere else. The donut shop stereotype joke catches a lot of grief but hey, they do not install Starbucks coffee bars OEM in Police cruisers. They are human and need a break, too. I cannot fathom 8-10 hours of duty riding around in a car, which is the least of it. In Texas we have some very mean critters with and without legs. Our uniformed Police are the pest control keeping those animals from over breeding. Cops need love too. Give them your best they lay their asses on the line every day for us. Ya gotta sleep sometime and it's good to know they are minding the store and watching over us. If you are feeling especially energetic add US Soldiers and Veterans to the mix.

Again, seriously. Get off the police's back. They are our side. True, that bad apples exist, but get real they exist everywhere and it is shithheads like you slacktivists and your hokey causes and stupid rich guys marrying them that keeps so many of these loose cannons loose in general population and running the halls of the Whitehouse in Washington DC...just look at Pelosi and Hillary, they are unsupervised and on the loose running amok in the Whitehouse. Before he left office, President Trump and Mr. Wilkie hid all lighters, matches, and sharp objects out of children's reach in a drive to help our kids thing. They were well-intentioned and that was a good start. I don't think Pelosi and Hillary are part of that but why take chances?

**Seriously, wake up to what has happened to America. Support your military soldiers, police, veterans, and the constitution and get active protecting your freedoms.**

**One never knows what s/he has until it is gone.**

America, your free lunch, dance, and ride ticket expired. Defund the Police State, Politicians, and Military Industrial Complex if you must defund anything. Return those resources to rebuilding

America and caring for her most precious human resources: veterans, kids, & elderly people. Maybe I should have that printed on my tombstone instead of '**Fuck the VA and eat more cheeseburgers.**'

All right back on mission.

Ayn Rand – the greatest female mind of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century.

Ayn grew up in civil war torn Russia during the Bloody Sunday era. Do your homework...look it up. Her family recognized Ayn's genius, pooled meager resources, and shipped her ass FedEx express to America, saving her from the Communists. They chose FedEx over USPS or she would still be lost in the mails somewhere around Thule Greenland. **She knew tyranny like what America's forefathers and foremothers knew up close and too personal when writing and dying for our US Constitution.** *Hey, Yo, asshole America that did not come free and for nothing. People suffered and died doing that for your unearned, entitlement asses even for you genetic misfires at the VA.* US Constitution was a first in human history and works but requires some serious skin out of this country to do so! WIN, LOSE, OR DRAW, THAT IS YOUR SKIN, BINKY! Ayn spent her entire life warning USA about consequences of Socialists / Communists taking over America. Ayn knew her shit! Read **Atlas Shrugged**, her masterpiece novel describing exactly that and what is happening today! Not the movie; read her unabridged book! Skip over all the juicy, soft porn, ladies shit that makes them wet. Ayn had fantasies, too. What she did is known as literary license when including juicy women's, bedroom fantasies, in philosophical books. Tagney Dagget the woman protagonist was a real screamer. Ladies, I did not write antagonist as in arguing with you....look it up, protagonist means hero - self educate. It helps make you wetter before the juicy parts...aka self-foreplay, I think. Ayn speaks your lingo....

**GET OUT OF WASTE-BOOK AND OPEN YOUR EYES THEN THINK WITH YOUR SINGLE CELLED UNIT CALLED A BRAIN.**

Mr. & Mrs. Rosenberg, Julius, and Ethel

This one is saddest of the whole lot. After US rescued German Scientists from Germany, they gave America WMD atomic bombs, after being deluded into thinking that USA was the biblical Promised Land that saved them from the Nazis. They had serious, buyers remorse after learning of what America did with the first atomic bombs, aka Promethean power of the sun, stolen from the gods, now in earth monkey hands. Jacking off pales in contrast to this as a busy time activity for idle, demon, monkey hands. Nuclear Bombing of non-military, unarmed, civilian, cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. That FUBAR, like Dioxin, aka Agent Orange - another brilliant American village idiot invention, was used in a Nuclear live animal experiment on live people, and still causes untold misery nearly a century later via FUBAR gene pool damage to babies most of all. Why is it always the babies that must suffer the most? Much as they are troublesome, noisy, expensive, messy and mostly smell bad, they remain babies for god's sake. Unlike unmade bed adults that stink, babies have a legitimate excuse for aforementioned messiness - they can't help it. There is this **Universal law of checks and balances;** aka Karma that after removing the woo-woo nonsense that guru's use to cover up their bullshit for fun and profit, that enigmatic term means CAUSE AND EFFECT. In simpleton's terms, that means if you hit your head with a hammer it hurts and will cause a headache similar to 12 virgins very quickly. That is cause and effect or Karma. **Karma has no heart or brain, only consequences.**

Do the crime; expect to pay doing hard time. A no-brainer, which rests my case about most Broken People.

They never learn that golden rule; unlike a VA golden flow missing the paper cup, which now is a carpet stain, Karma never leaves a stain. Unfortunately, the Universe chose Mr. & Mrs. Rosenberg as messenger's to deliver its dirty laundry. Ever notice how blessings from heaven turn to shit down here? As above so below thing? They gave the Russians America's secret atomic weapon plans as **a global balance of power against America and its new toy that destructively goes boom in a big way.** The plan was to conquer the world completing centuries of Western Imperialist, military, global domination that made NWO a back alley crap game on **Harlem Nights film festival**. BTW, as an aside, *Harlem Nights* was Eddie Murphy's masterpiece film with an all-star black cast of the best and brightest in that genre. White people were gag guys for a change....they were pivot actors in center of a Jamaican jerk off surrounded by an all star black cast starring the best black actors and actresses ever known to world history, all in one movie. What a deal! Watch it....great going Eddie.

Here is the sad ending of our Rosenberg story. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg got caught. Remember what I wrote in an earlier post that in a police state getting caught is the crime? They did nothing wrong. In fact they got it on the beam centerline perfect. **THEIR ONLY CRIME WAS GETTING CAUGHT IN A POLICE STATE SPIDER'S WEB.** Predictably US, Socialist, Nazis were seriously pissed and as socialism is never wrong it used the Rosenberg's as scapegoats to hide behind. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg were given a speedy trial as traitors then executed immediately after. Standard US justice is to make it look legitimate when killing the good, pure, and innocent unbroken people. Like the Jesus of Nazarene myth. **Joan of Arc** kinda thing, you know. However, sick, fuck, Socialist's realized a profitable opportunity from the tragedy...also quite American: never let a crisis go to waste...profit from other people's suffering any way possible. So they started the arms race, cold war and cleaned up in the biggest hoax since organized religion. Now Covid bests that fraud by leagues. Bill and Hillary did more damage selling out America to the Chinese than the Rosenberg's could have done in ten lifetimes. Bill & Hill are living well with Hillary loose in the US Whitehouse screaming 'TRUMP YOU BASTARD!' She still cries over losing the 2016 elections. Poor baby, somebody get a burp towel and pacifier. Leave a cookie crumb trail into a live trap. Give her cookies, warm milk, a blankie then put her down for a nap. She will get over it. Pelosi, I don't know about that one...she reminds me of Bobbit's old lady.....

**The Rosenberg's like Rosa Parks are my heroes...they had the guts to follow personal convictions and died for their sanity, as so many like them do.**

**Why is it the good ones doing their jobs here always buy the farm?**

**Non-Sequitur in the game again, go figure**

Albert Einstein.

Father of nuclear war. Was not his fault the American Military Romper Room got hold of it first. This guy was so advanced Physicists are still trying to unravel his brain droppings. His theory of Relativity for instance. When Al first arrived on the US science scene his knowledge was beyond deep space's



outer rim. US scientists grasp of physics was still wading in primeval slime. However Al was cool. He simply kept repeating his theorems for US dimwits until the 13<sup>th</sup> monkey effect caught hold. One day a monkey woke up to, “Holy shit, he is right!” The rest said, now we have two village idiots to sit in ‘Dunk the Mayor’ chair fund raisers at annual city employee picnics.’ We can rent out these two and get back some of the costs in feeding the them cost plus and our markup. How American, never miss a profit opportunity. That is the American way, make a Yankee buck wherever one can. Then the 13<sup>th</sup> monkey effect really let loose, kinda like **10,000 Maniacs unplugged**. Hell even Natalie Merchant looked good in that one. God love that piano player she stole the show. Not bad when among 10,000 histrionic Maniacs in one place, she is great. Then another dimwit scientist said, ‘Eureka, he is right!’ A nearby janitor emptying wastebaskets heard the word ‘Eureka’ and it made sense to him. After he went home his old lady was giving him a blow job working for milk money, and during a ball buster orgasm he saw an epiphany involving “vacuum cleaners!” Then went on to form the *Eureka Vacuum Cleaner corp.* and got filthy rich in the suck and blow industry. Hey, man, inspiration is where ever one finds it. Scientific ah-ha lights blinked then went full bright throughout American scientific theaters around the world and Thomas Edison’s power stations blew fuses big time. **Edison said, ‘Fuses, what is a fuse? Watson get your ass in here. Hold these wires and don’t let go.’ Poor Watson! America’s first live rat experiment as a, prototype fuse & electric chair, without the chair.** Congrats, Edison, you got that one right on the first try unlike the electric light bulb... Good thing you saved Watson for the fuse & chair, or you would have never got the light bulb to work. How many tries on the bulb, 50,000? Edison also brought us another big fraud except for making crooked lawyers a lot of money: Workers Comp Insurance, as if insurance is not fraud enough. Kinda, like VA and the fucking it gives veterans except with a heart.... VA only has a thumping gizzard, salvaged out of the slaughterhouse gut wagon from meat byproducts headed for the dog food line, that is mistaken for a heart. Therefore, that is how science advanced from the primeval slime into the 20<sup>th</sup> century and I don’t think that was a good thing. However, Al’s chief prophecy is profound.

**Listen up this is important: Al said, ‘I do not know how WW3 will be waged, but WW4 will be fought with stick, stones, [and monkey turds].’ Remember what Dr. Frankl said...go back reread, understand where all this is going unless humanity pulls its head out of the cosmic asshole now.**

Prof. Stephen Hawkins

Prof Hawkins, Albert, and Frankl are all on the same page of music singing in time. Professor Hawkins at 20 developed a debilitating disease that left him a crumpled human being living in a space age wheel chair his entire life. He, like Al, became one of the greatest 20<sup>th</sup> century minds ever! Science still is unraveling his stuff with this caveat. Every layer of his proverbial onion removed only makes the onion bigger! His greatest fear was that Nano and AI team up and get loose. Either one is a nightmare of biblical proportions but both biblical FUBAR. Remember what I wrote above about reducing earth’s evolution to the ‘BC’ era and I am not talking about the singing Fat Lady of the BC cartoon. You know, more like the singing, horny, fat lady at end of the Opera? That was one of my grandmother’s boner & bad ideas introducing me to culture. I hate opera. Stool culture comes to mind when thinking of Opera. However, when the ‘Horney fat lady sings at end of an opera, this ends the show and a curtain falls. What Prof Hawkins feared is that the machines in taking over, determine that humanity is a global pest and parasite then releases a can of Raid the size of Bhopal as one of those dooms day scenarios in storage deep within an underground D.U.M.B aka ‘The Hole’ in New Mexico, I think. The nastiest stuff imaginable is in that hole, even oil. Humans who created that took a lesson from Mother Nature and oil: bury it deeply away from troublesome monkey and socialists idle hands. Yeah. That stuff is even nastier than what is dumped and buried at USAF plant #4 & NAS in Texas



since WW2. That was Prof Hawkins greatest fear and prophecy at the time of his death. Does that give you an idea of what Al was talking about WW3 & WW4? Why is it nobody listens to the messenger prophets in their time of warning? Why is it humanity like Corporate Ceo's only look in hindsight of where this race has been instead of where it is heading? RIP, Prof Hawkins we miss your influence and wisdom.

Donald Trump  
Robert Wilkie.  
Ronald Reagan  
Katherine Hepburn  
Winston Churchill

I lump these leaders as heroes into one. Normally I have no more use for politicians, actors or actresses than the VA. They are phony sluts working for mass media and worse pimps fucking the rest of us and not in a good way. However those above were born into greatness. Each stands alone as self-made people. I invite you to research and learn about them. That does not mean in CNN, Fox News, archives coverage of the BLM and 2021 riots era. All were self-made people living and fully functioning, sanely, in a world of Broken People. Poor Trump and Wilkie, they took a tarring with Pelosi and Hillary escapees on the loose in the Whitehouse during Trumps one-hit-wonder single term as President. I hear he is on a constant Thorazine drip after that socialist loony bin got finished with him. Like VA without the Thorazine drip...I sure could'a used that stuff during my POW stay with those VA misandrist, bastards. Mention 'president' around Trump now and he collapses into the shakes, breaks out in a rash not even Agent Orange can duplicate and goes to bed for days until the darkness passes. He does not even want to feel up pussy during these downers. That's bad. I feel for the guy. As you know, I am alive only because he and Mr. Wilkie put the fear of more than what 12 Virgins can do on her nastiest day into VA should it let me die. They forgot to add torture to the govt contract clause of naughty penalties. 3 years of torture understates what those assholes put me through. No disrespect to the asshole. It has a useful and good function. I cannot remotely say that about VA. As reward for putting up with those loons for 4 years, when Wilkie and Trump drive their chariots of fire to Mt. Olympus they have waiting for them seats to the best titty bar & grill shows and ball games. They earned them! I do not care what Hillary and Pelosi say. Those two losers are just jealous.

Can you imagine Hillary and Pelosi chasing you around naked in the bedroom.....me neither. Lucifer, are you tinkering with my meds again, you naughty, sadist, bitch.....

As those of you who follow my lunacy know, the veteran suicide crisis and 3 years of torture not even the Vietcong could have mustered are reasons why I am at war with VA. Just want to remind them of those tender moments we had together.....

Mother Theresa.

I did almost an entire Broken People essay on her. Go read it, no rewrites to spare your lazy asses. If I can do the work writing this stuff you can get off you can and read it. See Mother Teresa's Last Dance.

**If ever there was a more perfect, unbroken woman,  
Mother Theresa sits on the pinnacle of heaven as she.  
That soul is the healing right hand of (The One) who rests  
upon the stars contemplating humanity**

**Which is the understatement of this millennium but the best I can do.**

Molly Ivans

They don't write like that anymore. Molly was my kinda journalist. A real journalist not these shit-faced, socialist, shill-parrots that simply repeat lies, propaganda and other cess served to the public in a disposable dogs bowl. Meat by products & road kill is rib eye steak and prime rib compared to the swill Americans get from these birds. Not even vultures will stop at that mystery meat....they eat anything moving or not except that, and just goes to show you that even vultures have taste.. However, I hear the politicians happily munch this waste product out of their pork troughs.

The unstoppable Molly Ivans began her writing career in a West Texas small town, Midlothian, I think. As a born and raised West Texas girl, Molly could spar with the best of them and win. No pedestal for Molly. She started out at a small town newspaper. She was a firm believer in never watching how politics and sausage were made. But grew into doing that with a sound stomach....whatta gal! On her way to fame, while facing a Friday afternoon deadline without editor fodder to keep the animal at bay, a local judicial election caught her eagle eye. Something a long-term, incumbent crooked judge said royally pissed her off! He stayed in office because of powerful friends that used him as their lap dog. We all know what lap dogs suck on to keep their feed dishes full. Molly wrote her deadline piece off the cuff and turned it in then went to happy hour at the pub. She was not happy. In her hard copy she called the local judge a 'DILDO.' Yep, you read it right, small town girl calls powerful judge a dildo in published print before all the eyes of a Southern Baptist, holly roller, town....in West Texas around the late, late 1960's – very early 1970's. After tossing down a few Lone Stars and overcoming the killer headache that shit causes, over the weekend our Molly had second, hung over thoughts while soberring up. On Monday morning she silently crept into work wearing a thick pillow on her ass expecting a Behemoth as in biblical ass chewing from her tyrant editor. Instead on her desk still with wet ink she found the early Monday morning edition with her article published verbatim, on the front-page headlines. Oh, FUCK, understates her terror. That prick editor of mine found the Lone Star mother load, drank it and lost his fucking marbles, as if he ever had any, and actually printed my DILDO' edition in this paper, DILDO IN BOLD TYPE AND VERY LARGE LETTERS. What an attention getter. Well the strangest things happen in West Texas towns, even in Holy Roller territory of the Bible belt. That single edition sold the most hard copy in the newspapers history. The paper did nothing all week except reprint Molly's 'DILDO' edition filling demand not even Moses expected at the first beer bust while wandering in the desert those first 10 years! The judge only made a bigger horses ass of him, which publicly established what everyone, knew but feared to say. Of course you know calling someone a horses ass never changes them but sure

gets the person excited. Judge dildo threatened to imprison the whole newspaper, the whole town forever among other insanities. His powerful backers betrayed him proper.

**NO, WE NEVER HEARD OF JUDGE DILDO, DON'T KNOW THE MAN. NOT EVEN PETER BETRAYED JESUS THAT BADLY.**

His opponent seized upon gods manna from heaven and tarred the shit out of JUDGE DILDO! Feathers were optional. He won the election by a landslide. Who would vote for a DILDO? Molly removed her pillow and instead sat on it. She went on to become the most feared political writer in US history. When Molly leveled her crosshairs on one of those worms they were mystery meat when she finished. Note. No disrespect to worms...they are useful whereas politicians, I don't know. You have my rapt attention should anyone know of a useful function a politician has....like the VA, totally useless & a mystery to me. Before her death she wrote a book, "*Who Let in the dogs.*" It was amusing and impartial: she crucified right and left on the same cross. Those good times of real journalists like Molly faded into the good old days of Amos and Andy and Nickel candy when a nickel was worth something and candy was real candy.

The Unstoppable Molly Ivans met her maker at the curse of Breast Cancer. Her last message to all women was: '**get the damn mammogram.**' RIP, Molly – the only woman, a real woman, USDA certified Grade 'A' made in West Texas woman who put a DILDO JUDGE IN HIS PLACE USING ONLY ONE WORD;

**DILDO!**

Dr. Gabor Mate'  
Dr. Jordan Peterson  
Professor Mike Adams

These I lump these together. They walked the walk and talked the talk while doing the mileage that qualified them certified better than anyone else to do it in each ones respective genera. Individually each took some heaving tarring for taking his stand saying what desperately needed saying against status quo PTB. They were Molly Ivan types but stood alone. I invite you to learn more of them and their personal lives. In brief.

Dr. Mate is the foremost authority on '**understanding**' addictions better than anyone else and served time in the most evil darkness imaginable, darker than the Deep Dark Net, learning his wisdom. **He cut his teeth literally in Nazi Occupation trenches as an infant.** He wrote a book ***In the Realm of Hungry Ghosts. Find, buy and read it. Remarkable man.***

Dr. Peterson is a Canadian psychologist professor that has his shit together. He took a tarring from mainstream status quo feminists and socialists in bringing the truth of society's problems above the cess that keeps such things censored. His lectures are posted on Youtube & Internet Archive.org. They are heavy and lengthy. Take the time to download and listen to them. His books are wonderful too requiring great discipline to read and understand. They are so advanced one must read and reread them to comprehend his wisdom. Remember Einstein and US physicists? Same here. Read his books until the ah-ha light blinks full on...then you got it. His delivery as a great teacher is excellent. The topics are just too far advanced for the rest of us to consume in one meal. Dr. Peterson is a case of eating an elephant; one must do it one bite at a time resting between bites.

Professor Adams, RIP. He is a bundle of the above. He had the balls to go up against orthodox, status quo, very powerful, Socialist Intellectual Institutions ruling and destroying the minds of American kids thereby destroying America using intellectual subversion. That is the stuff of Marx and Engel's, which defeated Europe more than WW1&2. The official report was Prof Adams committed suicide, which is common among intellectuals when waking up to this reality and realizing the harm that they have done to our youth. Like killing a man, killing a mind is tough to live with....it has consequences, serious consequences that arise during the most brutal war within each of us: facing self. However, he was like Timothy Leary in that both woke up lots of minds in key places that could cause lots of grief for PTB that have for thousands of years invested, untold resources in keeping people sleeping and under their control in this proverbial Matrix as it were, which is real as the bread, wine and circus tents under which world masses sleep. Murder masked as suicide is quite common. So I doubt the suicide report, however it is widespread when one loses his or her personal war inside to moral injury.

**Let us talk a moment about the internal war that everyone faces.  
I will let the words of my grandmother speak the lesson that I  
learned from her as a child.**

My grandmother said to me when I was a young boy, 'unconscious people need love and understanding especially when being ugly to you.' **Send love to them even when you do not want to do so – do it anyway**, and mostly you will not, but **do it anyway for your benefit**. She was right and further said that a blessing exists in everything that I must find & understand; so, be grateful to the person for *showing what you have the same potential of doing and being*, just as s/he is behaving towards you **so that you can choose** whether the price is worth reciprocating ugliness in kind, and to **search for that blessing until finding it**. Now, some Broken People just need an industrial strength bitch slapping like in the old movies. However, instead of giving into my glandular urges to do that and feeding my pest house dark side I find nice ways of saying – 'Up, yours, with love, asshole.' That still satisfies grandma's contractual requirements...on the margins, but hey, still in the ballpark - Up, Yours, with love asshole. The key is in telling them, go to hell while making the person, or persons look forward to the trip. If what I really said ever hits them it is too late for the asshole to do anything about it. I learned that from my grandfather. I love dualities. My grandparents were a pair of doosies, I tell ya.

She said, 'inside of you are two spirits, one evil & dark, one good & light. Feed the one that you want to live so the other will become too weak to bark or bite [*or to harm others*].'

That has been a tough one for me in a world of hate, eye-for-eye; get even not mad; revenge, wars, etc. **In other words the ugly side of human frailty that my grandmother spoke of that exists in all of us. What do you choose to feed and keep?**

She made a very stern warning about keeping the evil side, which was rare for that gentle woman. She said, *'If you choose to keep & feed the evil spirit one day it will turn, attack and bite you with everything ever fed to it! What you put out into the world and do to other people will return through the side that you choose to keep and feed.'* Grandmother's wisdom has yet to fail me especially during my *Time of Ashes* and *Dark Nights of the Soul*.

***The internal war within self is the most brutal struggle one will ever undertake in life.*** People would rather die than face self. And do so – suicide! That is core to C. G. Jung's statement, "people do the most absurd things to avoid facing self as a soul." That is the whole premise he struggled to point out in his writings about mind, body and soul. They are one and must be treated and accepted as one. These work independently while functioning together as a singularity..

***Nothing records, stores and plays back a life more accurately than a human mind and body!***

*That is what one faces on battleground of the internal war with self!!!*

*I will use my experience to make this point. After facing the true 'I' absent all ego & womb to tomb conditioning I found that 'I' as soul am more brutal than all the human monsters that ever existed. I am the worst and accept that. I have the same potential as Hitler to holocaust the Jews; I have the same potential to participate in the longest, most brutal, genocide known to human history murdering innocent Red Skinned people; I have the potential to allow entire regions of peasants and political enemies to starve in a Russian winter as did Stalin, ditto for Mao during his Cultural Revolution...I can go on at length but get my drift. What makes me worse than all of them is in adding my personal human frailties topping off the rest.*

***THESE EVILS LIVE IN EVERY HUMAN THAT EVER EXISTED –  
OEM AT BIRTH.***

***I FACED THAT; I KNOW THAT; I OWN THAT; I AM THE WORST MONSTER OF THEM ALL. UNDER THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES WITH AN UNTAMED DARK SIDE I WOULD DO THE SAME, POSSIBLY MUCH WORSE, AS ALL AFOREWRITTEN MONSTERS AND FOR THE SAME EXACT REASONS - BECAUSE I FED MY DARK SIDE INSTEAD OF TAMING IT AGAINST DOING SUCH ATROCITIES.***

# ***THE SINGLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE MONSTERS AND ME IS BECAUSE I MADE THE CONSCIOUS CHOICE TO TAME MY EVIL SIDE INSTEAD OF INDULGING IT.***

*Viktor Frankl made that clear in his book, Man's Search For **Meaning** after undergoing the worst experience possible in Hitler's Nazis death camps. That is why those ruins are preserved so people will find **meaning** in them. It is in Frankl's book title: '**..MEANING..**' They are more than tourist curiosities. They have a **meaning**! Ghosts of all those murdered people in them scream out that message.*

*But you must listen for that personal **meaning** only for you! It cannot be told, taught, or other. Below is another perspective and key to what I just wrote:*

## **Joan of Arc** 3rd

To Joan of Arc said the **King**, "Why do the voices come to you and not to me, ***I am the King!*** Not ***YOU!***" Joan said, "They do come but you don't hear them. ***You do not hear them.*** You have not sat in the evening field listening for them; when the Tower Bell rings, you cross yourself and have done with it; but, if you pray from your heart and listen for the thrilling of the bells after they stop ringing, then you would hear the voices as well as do I..."

Joan of Arc. Circa 1431.

Joan's final confession before the king during persecution, torture, and murder as a demonic by *authorities* of 'the church-state.' Only a girl of 19, she burned at the stake for heresy, blasphemy, and demonic possession.

Key Notes: why did Joan say 'Thrilling' instead of trilling as bells do when toning down? Why does she say, 'you do not hear' them...? **Twice?** Why does she say '*you do not listen...*'? More keys exist in her words, but reader you must find the **meaning...** these cannot be told, taught, or explained. This is up to you.

Lastly, Dr. C. G. Jung.

Carl Jung understood that nothing operated in a vacuum. The universe's causal chain of existence is all one chain made up of individual links operating independently but working together. **Again, Independent links all working together.** If one link fails the whole paradigm changes. Recently I was cautioned to stop trying to be the whole chain; just do **your job** being an independent link of the whole. That is the entire premise of the 'Christ' or Titan Atlas or 'Jesus' Archetypes, interdependently



they shoulder up humanity's burdens, as it were. Note: Archetypes means role models, examples, like hero; don't let these funky big words throw you. Read them in context with the rest of a sentence or paragraph. Gurus, intellectuals, holy rollers and such are assholes about confusing people to keep them enamored & under control, robbing and worshipping s/he! Don't let them bull shit you with flowery words that you do not understand. Beat them at the game; look up the words with dictionary and thesaurus and self-teach. Archetypes or examples exist as abstract mythical cores to every philosophy and religion known to man since his dawn. Like superman or woman are the mythical core of all movies of that genre regardless of the actor or actress performing the show. This is heavy. Yes, there was a messenger in another era that brought to us this core and the way home. And the aforementioned 'christ' core was part of that message. I cannot tell you specifics but someone or something here knows the full story and it is somewhere very safe. What you folks are fed is to rob, keep you in line and under control. Now it takes a lot to keep an unruly planet this size of naked apes in line that now hold Promethean nuclear powers of the sun and worse! I cannot fathom how to manage something that unruly, but some power or force here can and does so very well. Who am I to question that? Who is anyone to question that? However I certain of that; in a knowing that is beyond doubt or belief, I know. Now the million dollar question always asked when I am fool enough to talk to others about this always meets the challenge: how do you know this.

Yo, pay attention. I learned the same way you will learn when ready to know, when ready to awaken. Like old Orson Wells said, '...No wine before its time...' ditto. When ready to know a teacher always appears and **you have no choice in that.** Only the sage knows when to come to a student. Hint: everything here is a tool & teacher. It is up to you in paying attention and accepting the lesson! None of it comes A, B, C... Truth cannot be hidden; however, it faces unbelievable competition via distraction and fake news. In my experience a single 'word' spoken at the exact moment fills in the mystery piece that sets off the AH-HA light glowing brightly. Remember what Albert Einstein did to enlighten US scientists? He was a patient teacher. Moreover, as Joan said to the king....listen, hear, learn and you will understand the same things that I know. As an awareness exercise, if there is a safe park or forest near you go into it. Leave all your baggage, electronics everything at home. Find a quiet place. Sit. Quietly. Comfortably. If that hokey lotus position fits use it otherwise **sit, comfortably** in safety. Here is a hint:

**A famous, successful ball player once said: 'Sometimes I just sits. Sometimes I just sits & thinks. Sometimes I just sits, thinks and watches. Mostly I just sits and watches until my answer or the blessing come. Replace blessing with what you seek and it will find you but only when ready. **Accept the message** and go from there. God always answers prayers; problem is when it is not what one expects or wants people blame god for not answering their prayers. Remember what Joan said, pray from your heart.. Jesus said faith of a [tiny] mustard seed.. This cannot be taught or told – I am fumbling in just trying to quantify it in clumsy words - it must be found from the only place where your strength ever existed: inside where the self is located. The one thing nobody wants to face is where the personal battle exists. Go in there and you will find **knowledge of the truth**. That knowledge and how you use it is what frees you. Knowledge is a tool nothing more. What you need will find you when only when you are ready. It is there and only the teacher or the key knows when to come and give you that. Never a student. Never. It is impossible to cheat this test.**

One final thing while alone in a quiet nature setting of a forest or park, visit early in the morning at dawns break. Sit, as written above, as Joan said, listen, watch and I guarantee you will meet what oversees this place....the owners as it were. Again words elude me....we are not alone. They walk among us. **Fish in an ocean cannot see birds flying in the sky.** You will meet them, they will come to you, and you will meet them.

I will close this with a written piece by Carl Jung... it is his most powerful message. Unlike Adler, Horney, Freud, and the rest, Carl compassed the whole human condition in his work but had the devil of a time expressing it through his writings. His approach is complete. Nothing else comes close to it. Like Einstein and Hawkins, scholars still cannot untangle Jung's onion that only grows bigger with each removed layer. **That is freaky; this place is non sequitur; there is no why?**

Heroes do not wear hokey bat wings, costumes, tights, capes or children's fantasy notions enamoring Americans except in Hollywood fantasy. They are human, flesh, blood, and mortal as any of us. They feel pain, suffer and when someone steps on them it hurts very badly. They are real. I did my best to write that here. The rest is up to you. Lucifer, we have a special guest, stay in the back playing with your dick.

Dr. C. G. Jung is the final link closing the circle of this essay.

An excerpt from a lecture given by Psychologist Dr Carl Jung to a group of clergy:

"People forget that even doctors [and clergy] have moral scruples, and that certain patients' confessions are hard even for a doctor to swallow. Yet, the patient does not feel himself accepted unless the very worst in him is accepted, too. No one can bring this about by mere words; it comes only through reflexion and through the doctor's attitude towards himself and his personal dark side. *If the doctor wants to guide another or even accompany him a step of the way, he must feel with that person's psyche. He never feels it when he passes judgment. Whether he puts his judgment into words or keeps them to himself makes not the slightest difference. To take the opposite position and to agree [patronize] with the patient off-hand is also of no use, but estranges him as much as condemnation.* This feeling comes only through unprejudiced objectivity. This sounds almost like a scientific precept and it could be confused with a purely intellectual abstract attitude of mind, but what I mean is something quite different. It is a human quality, a kind of deep respect for the facts, for the man who suffers from them, and for the riddle of such a man's life. **The truly religious person has this attitude: he knows that "god" has brought all sorts of strange and inconceivable things to pass and seeks in the most curious of ways to enter a man's heart. He therefore senses in everything the unseen presence of the divine will.** This is what I mean by unprejudiced objectivity; it is a moral achievement on the part of the doctor, who ought not to be repelled by sickness and corruption. **We cannot change anything unless we accept it. Condemnation does not liberate, it oppresses and I am the oppressor of the person I condemn, not his friend and fellow sufferer.** I do not in the least mean to say that we must never pass judgment when we desire to help and improve, but if the doctor wishes to help a human being, s/he must be able to accept him as he is. He can do this in reality only when he has already seen and accepted himself as he is. Perhaps this sounds very simple, but **simple things are always the most difficult.** *In actual life, it requires the greatest art to be simple, and so acceptance of one's self is the essence of the moral problem and the decisive test of one's whole outlook on life. That I feed the beggar; that I forgive an insult; that I love my enemy in the name of Christ; all these are undoubtedly great virtues. What I do unto the least of my brethren – that I do unto Christ. But what if I should discover that the least amongst them all, the poorest of all beggars, the most*

imputed of all offenders, yea that the very fiend himself, that these are within me, and that I stand in need of my kindness, that I, myself, am the enemy who must be loved – what then? Then, as a rule, the whole truth of Christianity is reversed. There is then no more talk of love and long-suffering. We say to the brother within us: "Raka!" to condemn and rage against ourselves. We hide him from the world, we deny ever having met this least of the lowly in ourselves, and had it been "god" himself who drew near to us in this despicable form, we should have denied him a thousand times before a single cock had crowed."

**Carl G. Jung.**